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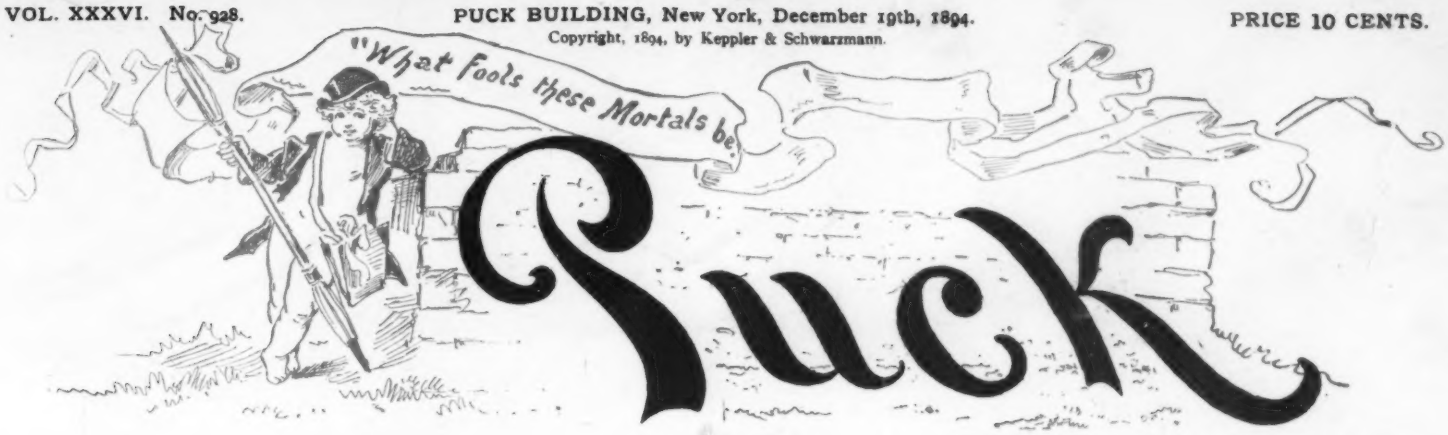

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SIT ON HIM!

HER LIMIT.

"I can not imagine," said the minister, "any more shocking, dangerous, painful and trying situation for any young girl to be placed in than to be engaged to two men at the same time. Think what must be the sensations of a young woman who finds herself in a position so dangerous and so disgraceful!"

"I should think it might make her feel a little soupy," returned the young lady, glancing lightly at a picture of her father's Summer home at Bar Harbor; "but I never got down as far as that. The smallest line of men *I* ever had on my hands was three."

A SUBTLE SCHEME.

WILLY.—Aunty, may I have a lump of sugar?

AUNTY.—No, Willy; it will only make your tooth ache more.

WILLY.—No it won't; I'll just go and eat it in front of the dentist's.

HOW SHE HELPED.

MRS. PENFIELD.—My husband has found a way by which he says I am of the greatest help to him in his literary work.

MRS. HILLAIRE.—How nice that must be for you, my dear! But how are you able to do it?

MRS. PENFIELD.—As soon as I see him at his desk I go into another room and keep perfectly quiet until he has finished.

HER ADVICE.

"I suppose," observed the tramp, bitterly, "you would like to have me get off the earth. But I can not."

"Have you tried soft soap?" asked the woman in the blue gingham dress, dispassionately.

JESS.—Mr. and Mrs. Hicks are no good at ordinary amateur theatricals; but in pantomime they are simply great.

BESS.—Is n't that singular?

JESS.—Not at all; they have always had to do their scrapping in a pasteboard flat with an air-shaft.

NO CHOICE.

"So Scadsby, our cashier, is dead—whom will we have to succeed him?" The millionaire banker looked gravely at the business manager as he spoke.

"We have small choice," replied the business manager. "William and Robert have been filling the post alternately. Robert, as you know, is wild. He drinks, gambles, and leads a fast life. William, on the other hand, is steady and reliable—never drinks, does not play cards, and is a worker in the church."

"Yes; as you say, there is no choice. Notify Robert to assume permanently the duties and salary of our late cashier;" and the great financier resumed his reading of the morning paper.

A REASON.

JOHNNY.—I don't see how that young chicken can be so comfortable.

HIRED MAN.—Why not?

JOHNNY.—Why, because it is sitting on its pin-feathers.

A FALL.

MRS. JONES.—The Smiths appear to be in reduced circumstances.

JONES.—Yes, indeed! I can remember when Smith was able to borrow right and left.

A SUPERFLUOUS INQUIRY.

DAKOTA DRUGGIST.—Well, what can I do for you to-day?

BRONCHO PETE.—Say, do I look like a man who would ride twenty miles to buy postage stamps?

NOTHING TO SPEAK OF.

REGGY.—How much do you owe me, old man?

CHARLEY HARDUP.—Nothing, I think.

REGGY.—I had an idea it was ten dollars.

CHARLEY HARDUP *(loftily)*.—Well, perhaps so; ten dollars is nothing to me.

A TENDER CONSCIENCE.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.—A man called here for assistance to-day. He told me a very sad story;—had to give up his employment on account of conscientious scruples.

THE MINISTER.—What was his employment?

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.—He was a street-car conductor, and he could not continue to tell people that there was plenty of room in front.

A SURE SIGN.

MRS. BILDAD *(fondly)*.—I am sure our boy Adolphus is destined to become a celebrated man—most likely an eminent scholar and *savant*.

MR. BILDAD.—Dash me, if I see anything in him but a dunderheaded dolt!

MRS. BILDAD *(triumphantly)*.—Yes; but think how absent-minded he is!

MONEY MAKES the E go.

FOR "CARTOONS AND COMMENTS," SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

AN INFERENCE.

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MRS. JACKSON.— Did you see Mrs. Brown's collection of rare old china?
JACKSON.— Yes; her family must have been quite poor.
MRS. JACKSON.— Nonsense! Why do you think so?
JACKSON.— Well, if they had been able to keep servants, she never would have had that collection of rare, old china.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

FIRST THESPIAN.— I can't understand Muggins's success abroad. In Ireland they say the people went wild over him; yet he can't act and he can't sing.

SECOND THESPIAN.— Yes, my boy; but he knew how to appeal to Irish sentiments. The chief song in his *repertoire* was "Live in my Heart and Pay no Rent."

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CERTITUDE.

THE MISTLETOE was hanging
Upon the chandelier,
It seemed a wreath of flowers,
For She was standing near.

So captious and enticing,
She lured me ere I knew—
And blushed, a moment later,
Unto her eyes of blue.

"My sweetest gift this Christmas!"
I said with much ado.
And, by the way she acted,
I 'll swear she knew it, too.

R. K. Munkittrick.

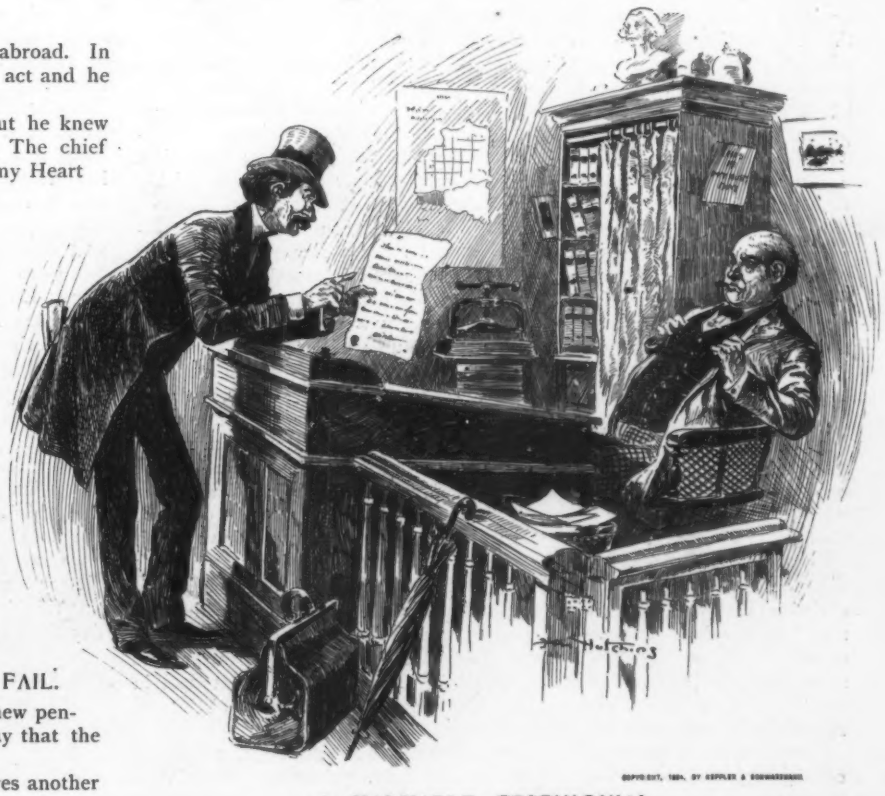
THE RULE BOUND TO FAIL.

WIFE. — Cousin Clara needs a new penknife and I would like to give her one of mine; but people say that the gift of a knife will cut friendship.

HUSBAND.— Have no fear. No knife that one woman gives another will cut anything.

THE AMATEUR learner of French accents may always be sure that his grêve is kept green.

THE POLICEMAN is a doctor who believes not in an ounce of protection, but a "pound" of cure.



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A VALUABLE TESTIMONIAL.

EMINENT, BUT BALD-HEADED CITIZEN.— Well, sir, what can I do for you?

VISITOR.— You can do me a great favor, with no trouble to yourself. Will you kindly sign this certificate for my hair restorer?

EMINENT CITIZEN.— Hair restorer! But, my dear sir, I have never used your hair restorer!

VISITOR.— Of course not! That is exactly what I wish you to certify.

BY H. C. BUNNER.

XIII.

JASPER AX'S COURTSHIP.

MR. JOHN GOODBODY was leaning on the rail of the bridge over the little river that ran through the small Canadian town of Hopcreek. The river, if you could call it a river, had an Indian name of great length and dignity, something like Mistigoulashi; and Mr. Goodbody was thinking idly, as he looked down at the quick, shallow water beneath him, that if the pretty straggling village and the puny stream would only swap names, there might be a certain fitness in the exchange. The town of Hopcreek climbed up both sides of a little valley, and on the heights of the hills it was encompassed by an oval frame of dim blue firwoods. It was only a lazy little town of scattered houses, some white, and some of the subdued gray of wood that has never known paint. In the heart of it lay a little mirror-like lake, which had no better name than the "Pool." The atmosphere was pleasantly dull and dreamy; the pale greens of the young birches on the margin of the lake melted gently into the bluish haze of the fir-woods, and it was altogether a spot that deserved a romantic name of softly flowing syllables. The river, on the other hand, was an unmistakable creek; and that somebody might, at some time, have hopped across it did not seem wholly improbable to Mr. Goodbody.

These were idle thoughts for Mr. Goodbody, who generally did his thinking as a most serious matter of business; for he was a hard-working newspaper man who had written heavy editorials on politics and economics and social ethics until he had tired himself out, and had come to the lonely little Canadian town to rest, and to avert, if possible, the imminent probability of tiring out his faithful readers. He was a faithful and accomplished writer, and his views were always perfectly correct; but it is a notorious fact that that kind of writer bores people much more quickly than the kind that occasionally goes wrong.

Mr. Goodbody's thoughts were drifting into vacuous nothingness — which was a great luxury to him — when he felt a strong, large finger poke his elbow. It was not a touch that aroused his attention: it was a poke, deliberate and forcible. He turned his head, and saw a face not unfamiliar, but unassociated in his mind with any name. It was a strange face, even as compared with the uncouth features of Hopcreek's slouchy and unkempt inhabitants. The natural conformation of the countenance indicated weakness of character, but the heavy wrinkles and deep-drawn lines, remarkably numerous for the man's age — for he was clearly not over forty or fifty — gave him a rugged expression that would have been almost stern if it had not been for his absent-minded look. He had the bearing of a man who was trying to remember where he had laid something down. His beard was absurdly long and thin, yet it was carefully trimmed. He had but few teeth visible, but these projected beyond his lips, and were polished so highly that they looked like ivory ornaments dependent from his weedy moustache. His hair was long, too, and it curled upward and outward at the bottom, but it was trimmed with care, and had the look of being frequently and industriously combed. His clothes were ill-fitting and ugly, but they were scrupulously clean, and his shoes were carefully and copiously blacked. This meant a great deal in Hopcreek, for there was no local boot-black, and the blacking-box belonged as strictly to Sunday as the observance of Christian worship.

"You don't know me," said the stranger, who spoke with a curious, contemplative drawl; "but I reckon I know you. Your name will be — now — Goodbody, won't it? Yes; so I thunk, so I thunk. You write for the newspapies, down to York, don't you? So I thunk."

Mr. Goodbody nodded aimably. The stranger looked at the water as if he desired to take a polite interest in Mr. Goodbody's reflection.

"You was thinkin', perhaps," he said, interrogatively, "that this here ain't no great of a creek. I, myself, have thunk similar."

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This was so obvious an attempt to make conversation that Mr. Goodbody frankly turned upon his new acquaintance and asked what he could do for him. The stranger looked surprised.

"Well, now," he said, "I knowed, somehow, that you was thinkin' that this creek was dern measly triflin', but I had n't no ways got the idee that you knowed I wanted to ask you a faviour. You must be real bright like, but I suppose you have to be in your business. That 's how I come to be wanting a faviour of you."

Mr. Goodbody assured him that he would be happy to do him any service that lay in his power, but the man had relapsed into the absent-mindedness that seemed natural to him.

"Curious, too," he said, "how I come to think of you. They told me you wrote for the newspapies, and that a-kind of set me off at first. Thinks I, he 'll be high, he will. That 's what I thunk. He won't give me no attention. Now, mind you, them *was* my thoughts. But the next thing I hearn that your name was Goodbody, and says I to myself, that settles it. I 'll go talk to him. A man with a name like that has got to live up to it. And that was kind of curious, too, was n't it? Kinder like a joke, like, war n't it?"

Mr. Goodbody writhed inwardly. There is nothing more loathsome in the whole range of misbegotten humor than a pun on a man's name, and people who bear names that are an invitation to punsters have to learn to suffer and be strong.

But, in very truth, Mr. Goodbody was a kind-hearted man, and he was impressed by a certain expression of helpless wistfulness about the man that seemed to give assurance of his earnestness and good faith. So he encouraged the stranger to continue his conversation. He did not press him for a direct statement of his desires, for he had been long enough in the country to find out that a rambling habit of speech must be humored.

Being thus kindly received, the stranger became autobiographical. He informed Mr. Goodbody that his name was Jasper Ax, and from the way he imparted the information it was obvious that he did not see anything funny about his own name. In the course of about half an hour Mr. Ax revealed further particulars about himself. He was a farmer, with a considerable property, and the owner of a saw-mill that was doing a prosperous business. He neither drank, smoked nor chewed, although at one time he had had all these accomplishments. Mr. Goodbody began to understand something of the significance of the apparently self-contradictory face. He was a regular attendant at the Methodist Church, and was thinking of becoming a member. He could do more plowing in one day than any man in the district. He never played cards, and he owned

twenty-seven cows. These facts were set forth not in a boastful manner, but plainly in the way of pertinent statistics.

With this basis laid, Mr. Ax came to this most important announcement. Through the kind offices of a friend who was also a traveler, he had entered into matrimonial negotiations with a lady in a distant western town. The lady's identity he shrouded in circumlocution, but through the mist of his words it finally became apparent that she was of highly respectable connections, gifted with a character of great moral beauty, and endowed with some personal attraction. It moreover appeared that the wooing was strictly epistolary, and was to continue so until the lady made her final decision — as to which Mr. Ax did not seem at all sanguine. No reason appeared for this peculiar state of things, and it was obvious that Mr. Ax did not wish to be explicit. Indeed, at this point the conversation languished into generalities, and Mr. Goodbody became weary.

"I think you said," he suggested, "that I might be of some service to you. If I can, it will give me great pleasure, but I really don't see where I can be of use. I don't know anybody in the place you mention, and I am a bachelor, myself, and not at all experienced in matters of courtship."

"Well," replied Mr. Ax, reflectively, "you see, it 's this way. Some does one thing and some does another. Now, I don't suppose you ever druv a plow in your life, did yer? No. So I thunk. Never laid a hand to one, may be. Well, now that 's where you and me is different. You don't plow none, and I don't write none. You see, it just come so. If we both had been raised different it might have been just the other way. You might have took to plowing, and I might have took to writing. Ain't that about the way of it?"

Mr. Goodbody politely assented.

"So I thunk," resumed Mr. Ax, with an air of great satisfaction. "Well, now, being as it is that way, and supposing that you had a ten-acre lot that you wanted to get plowed, how would you go to work about it? You would n't get no plow and try to learn the business, would you? No. You would come to me and say: 'Mr. Ax, will you fetch your team down to-morrow, and plow that field for me?' So, now, if I have a job of writing to do, and this here is pretty considerable of a job — I come to a man who takes naturally to writing, and I say: 'My good sir, will you do my business for me?'"

Having so far relieved his mind, Mr. Ax began to talk more directly to the point. His friend, he explained, had written several letters for him and then had been called away by business, and was not likely to return for some months. It could not be said that he had started a correspondence, for the lady, it seemed, was not to write until she made up her mind, and she was to take her time about that. Mr. Ax, of course, had plenty of friends who could write for him, but none who could give satisfactory expression to the ideas that he wanted to convey, and he wanted them ideas conveyed, and no others. Therefore he had bethought himself of applying to Mr. Goodbody, and he was willing to put the matter on a business basis at once.

Mr. Goodbody assured him that he could not possibly think of taking pay for so trifling a service. This did not suit Mr. Ax at all, and he tried hard to make him accept the proffered compensation, and he argued the matter most earnestly, and yielded only when Mr. Goodbody told him that it was against newspaper etiquette to take pay for work done in vacation time. This convinced Mr. Ax, and after thinking it over for a few moments, his face brightened.

"After all," he said, "I suppose it will be a sort of practice for you. You ain't never done none of that kind of work before, I don't suppose."

Mr. Goodbody could conscientiously say that he had not, and as he really felt a strong curiosity to find out what the work was like, they made an appointment to meet that afternoon at Mr. Ax's farm-house. Mr. Ax insisted upon sending his carryall to fetch his amanuensis, although Mr. Goodbody would much have preferred to walk the short distance.

[*Concluded in our next.*]

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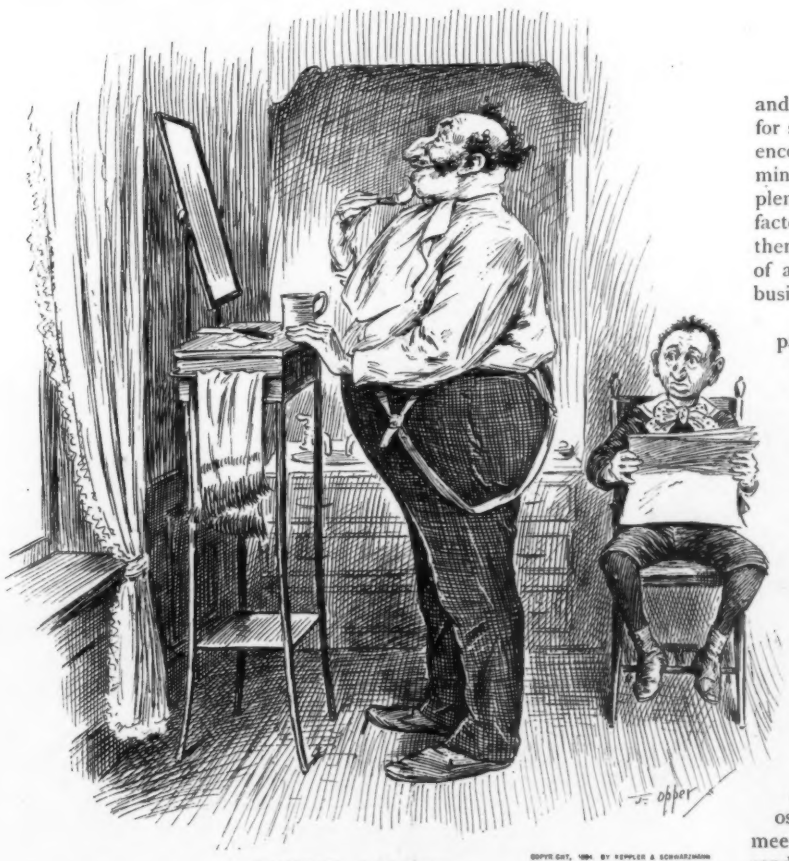
ONTO JACK.

DOLLY SWIFT. — The price-mark on Jack's gift is quite plain — $17.50.

SALLY GAY. — H'm! I wonder what it really cost?



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POETIC LICENSE.

MOSES. — Vy is it, fader, dot the newspapers say Levy has assigned for der benefit of his greditors?

COHEN. — Oh, dot vos only boetic license, my poy!

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A GOOD REASON.

PASTOR *(chidingly, to boys who have just been fighting)*.—Your parents should teach you boys better than to fight like cats and dogs. Now, you never see *my* little boy quarreling with his playmates. He knows better.

BAD BOY *(with a sneer)*.—You bet he does! There ain't a boy in town but what kin lick him!

HE DID NOT KNEEL.

MRS. DEVOTÉE.—People are expected to kneel at our church, instead of merely resting the head on the front pew. Did n't you see the kneeling benches?

BACHELOR BROTHER.—Yes; but I did n't see any trousers-stretchers.

A NAUTICAL VIEW.

MABEL.—Dicky, are n't you glad sister is going to marry a naval officer?

DICKY.—Yes, sister;—and when he dies you 'll wear seaweeds—and be a mermaid—won't you?

CLARA.—Don't you like a drooping moustache?

MABEL.—Yes; if it droops my way.

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NOTHING IN IT.

LANDLADY *(noticing boarder looking intently into his soup)*.—What is the matter, Mr. Slimdiet? Is there anything in your soup?

MR. SLIMDIET.—I have n't found anything yet.

REASSURING.

HER SUITOR *(casually)*.—Would n't you like to have another brother, Johnny?

ENFANT TERRIBLE.—Don't you go to losing your nerve, now. Sue 's got past all that, I 'll give you a pointer.

ATHLETES APPRECIATED.

HE.—In ancient Greece no woman would marry a man who was not an athlete.

SHE.—Goodness me! Did even the ancient Greeks have impudent servant girls?

UNDER SOME CIRCUMSTANCES.

MASON TEMPLARS.—I tell you, Binks's funeral was a great sight! Eleven secret societies in line in full regalia and white cotton gloves, the committee carried floral offerings, and all sang dirges at the grave.

KNOTT INNITT *(feelingly)*.—Ah! Death is a dreadful thing!

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EXTRA WORK.

THE RECORDING ANGEL *(to* ASSISTANT*)*.—Say, bring me a new pot of ink and a dozen new quills!

ASSISTANT.—Why this unwonted preparation? Oh, thou with the sharp ears!

THE RECORDING ANGEL.—Why, here 's a fellow who has just come home from Europe, going to meet some friends and tell them all about his trip!

BETTER STILL.

YOUNG COHEN.—Dot olt han'-me-down on der nex' block is giving avay a stem-winder vid efery suit.

OLD COHEN.—Vell, I s'pose we 've got to give a chrysanthemum vid efery ofercoat.

A PLAINT.

HOWIE YOUNG.—Why does she despise me as "a beardless boy?" Is she not a beardless woman?

THE HOUSEFLY.—That moth and his wife have separated.

THE COCKROACH.—Yes; they were thoroughly incompatible. He was very fond of books while she cared for nothing but clothes.

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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Keppler & Schwarzmann, Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, December 19th, 1894.—No. 928.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A CHILD OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

IF ANY further evidence were wanted of the inherent, intrinsic mischievousness of the great Republican invention of business trusts, it would be furnished by the recent action of the Sugar Trust in shutting down its refineries and laying off its hands in the middle of Winter, for the sole purpose of frightening the Congress just assembled. Here is a vast and wealthy corporation perfectly willing to procure legislation by forcing its employees to sacrifice their daily bread. Of course, the men are now mostly back at work, and their re-employment is, practically, a confession that there was no necessity for their discharge; but they have had to suffer a loss of pay that must have borne heavily upon them, especially at a period when tradesmen are little disposed, and, no doubt, little able to extend credit to men out of work. The heartlessness of the proceeding, and the impudence of it, both go to show what sort of capitalists the trust idea has bred. We do not doubt that, twenty years ago, the odious heartlessness of such a proceeding would have been as apparent to the men who now stoop to it as it is to all respectable citizens whose minds and souls have not been corrupted by these gigantic schemes of plunder. To-day, it hardly excites comment. The people have learned to expect such outrages: they may deplore them, but they are no longer shocked and surprised. This particular attempt to bluff the national government is only a little more atrocious in degree, and not at all in kind, than the previous performances of the Pottery and Coal and Iron Trusts. If it moves the present Congress to any legislation designed to restore their old chances of plunder to the combined sugar refiners, it will prove more disastrous to the legislators at Washington than any blunder they have hitherto made. And they ought to have learned by this time that the people who make them can, and occasionally do, unmake them; and that the unmaking is apt to be a little more thorough than the making.

A SAD MUDDLE.

The currency question is just now a muddle. We violate no confidence in making this announcement, nor do we mean to shock any of our readers unduly. Of course we were not compelled to make the admission. We could have gone on and pretended that the whole thing was as clear as crystal, after the manner of other great editors, and that our views in the matter were the only correct ones, and that those holding different views were hopeless imbeciles; but our higher nature has prevailed, and hence the above admission. The currency question is a full-fledged muddle, entitled to rank as such, and to receive the respectful consideration of those wise and good men who have assembled at Washington, D. C., for a brief period of recreation. If any one thinks our view is superficial, or our verdict hasty, let him read the financial editorials of the press of the country, or as many of them as he is equal to. Let him give his attention impartially to the chief thought-moulders of each of the great parties and factions, and he will learn: (1) that the Democratic party is trying to ruin the country by unwise financial legislation; (2) that the Republican party is trying to ruin the country by unwise financial legislation; (3) that the "gold bugs" (men doing business in the neighborhood of Wall Street, New York) are trying to sell out the country to Great Britain; (4) that the interests of the West are unalterably opposed to those of the East; (5) that the East is bent upon impoverishing the West; (6) that every plan for remedying the obvious defects of our currency system is proposed by an idiot or a traitor to his country; (7) that President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle are salaried employees of the Bank of England; (8) that all bankers are scoundrels. He may stumble across a few other little points; but a careful study of these, if persisted in long enough, will enable him to pass with high honors the rigid entrance-examination required at Bloomingdale. We do not recommend the study. On the contrary, we advise the man who thinks about the subject at all to read very little of such stuff, and to remember always that President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle have shown themselves to be entirely trustworthy in financial matters, and that, while they remain where they are, the stability of our currency will be maintained. Another thing to remember is that real money can not be manufactured with a printing press. Money is WORK condensed into forms easy to exchange; therefore, any scheme to create wealth by printing paper symbols for it, or stamping metal with its image, is foolish. Our Government can no more create wealth by coining the silver or iron or lead of Colorado, or by issuing unlimited millions of paper money, as Senator Peffer would have it do, than it could by coining the vagrant breeze that sighs through the Populistic whisker. The latest important scheme for supplying an elastic currency, adequate to the needs of trade, is known as the Baltimore Plan. With some slight modifications it has been approved by the Comptroller of the Currency, the Secretary of the Treasury and the President. It will be more fully discussed by the present Congress. In the meantime let us reflect that we are in no immediate danger of national bankruptcy. At last accounts the modest two-dollar bill was still good for groceries.

A FISHY TALE.

A mermaid went a-shopping one day,
Strangely enough, on shore;
And she made her purchase ere she 'd been shown
All the goods that were in the store.
The salesmen marvelled them much thereat—
They asked her why 't was so;
And the sea nymph answered, "I am but
Half woman, don't you know."

NONE TO SPARE.

WOOL.—What do you think about a monument for Dr. Parkhurst?

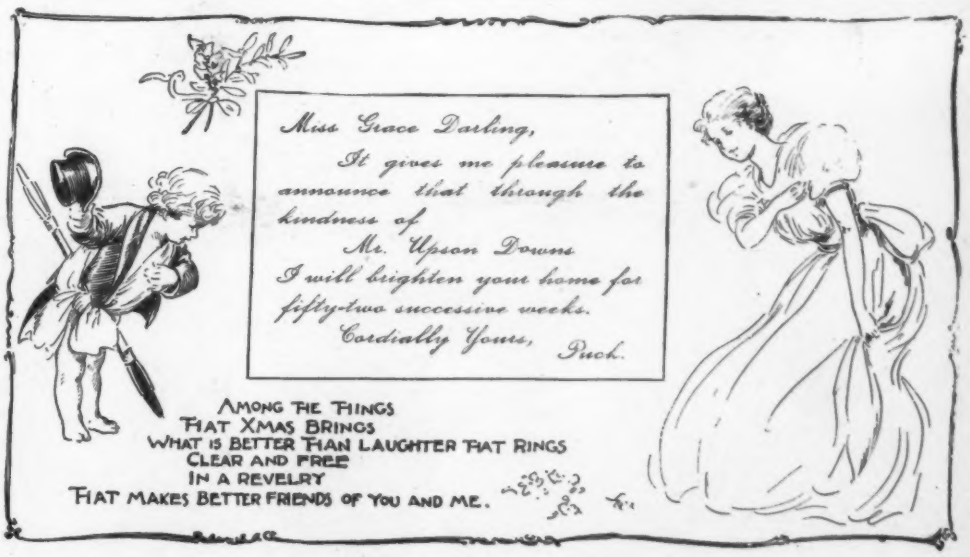
VAN PELT.—Bosh! We need all the stone we can get to hold down the grave of the Tammany Tiger.

SO FAR as newspaper notices are concerned, Napoleon is giving Corbett a hard fight for first place.

IT BEGINS to look as if the Chinese were about driven to the wall.

ALWAYS FEEL like doing good at this time of the year, don't you? We thought so. Everybody does. You feel that you would like to be one of these philanthropists with long side-whiskers and a benevolent smile and a high hat, who send barrels of flour and tons of coal to poor widows and turkeys to orphan asylums, and—What 's that?—You want to do the "good cheer" act on a smaller scale—one that won't mortgage your salary for three months to come? Well, then, what 's the matter with cheering the lives of those you love or expect to love, or want to make love you, by sending them a year's subscription to PUCK? It 's cheap and a sure winner. It will gain you the confidence of your rich maiden aunt, the respect and esteem of your old bond-clipping uncle, and the tender regard of the glorious creature who engages all your spare thought, and who has, perhaps, been staving you off. Each one of these people will be reminded of you in a pleasing and effective manner 52 times during the year—and you will become widely known as a person of exquisite taste. You can do the thing in a neat and simple way, by sending us your fiver, together with the name of the one you wish to delight. His or her name, and your own, will be *printed* (not written) in the proper spaces on a beautifully colored Christmas Card, of which this is but a black-and-white copy, and the same will be duly mailed to the lucky recipient of your favor, without extra charge. Can you think of a more suitable Christmas gift? Of course you can't;—not in 1000 years.

PUCK one year *and* the card, **$5.00.**



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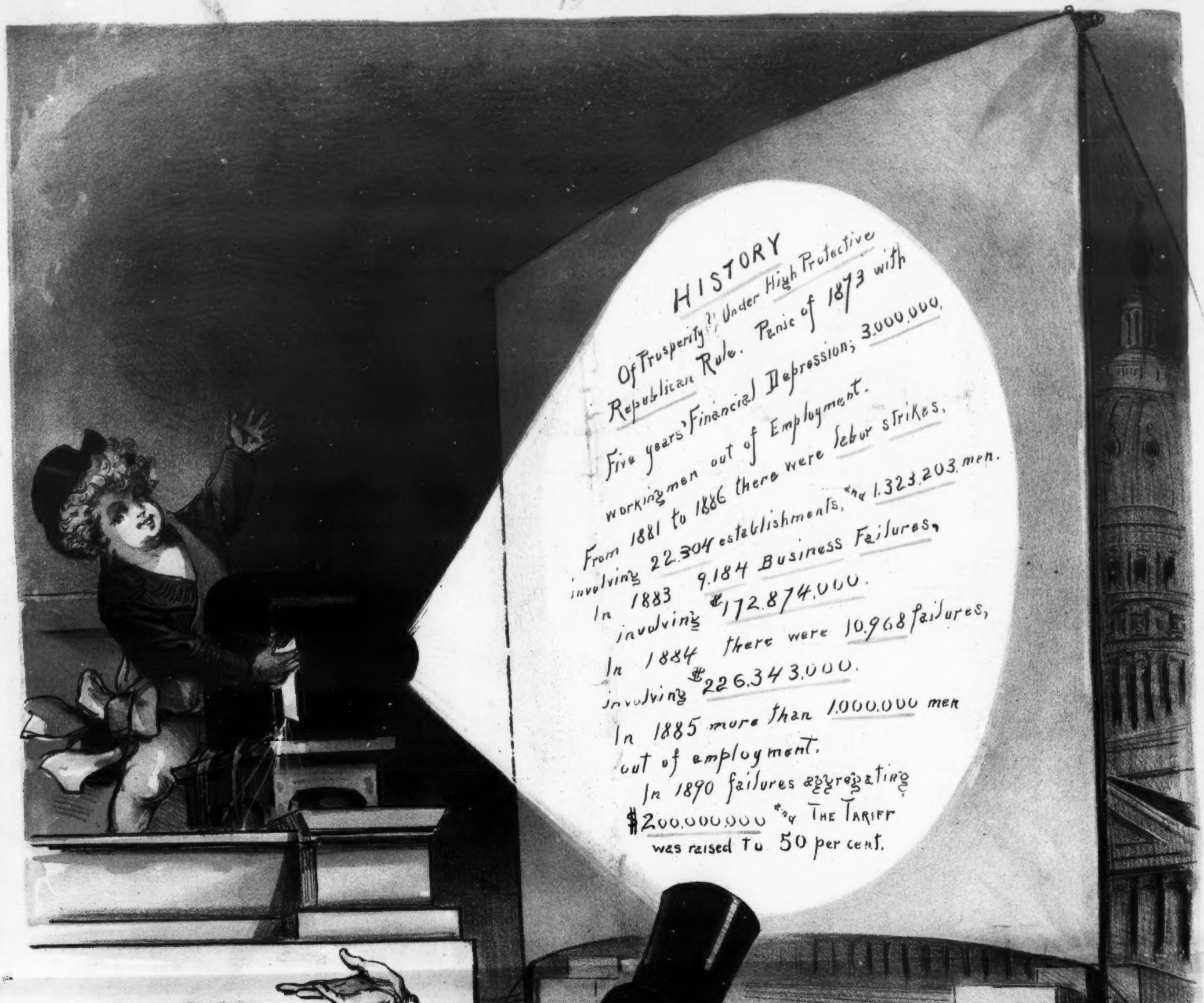
FACTS *VS.* FICTION.

THE CALAMITY TRIO SHOULD "SWEAR OFF" HOWLING ON JANUARY 1ST, AND RESOLVE TO TELL THE TRUTH HENCEFORTH.


HISTORY
Of Prosperity Under High Protective
Republican Rule. Panic of 1873 with
Five years' Financial Depression; 3.000.000,
workingmen out of Employment.
From 1881 to 1886 there were Labor strikes,
involving 22.304 establishments, and 1.323.203 men.
In 1883 9.184 Business Failures,
involving $172.874.000.
In 1884 there were 10.968 failures,
involving $226.343.000.
In 1885 more than 1.000.000 men
out of employment.
In 1890 failures aggregating
$200.000.000 and THE TARIFF
was raised to 50 per cent.

THE ASHMAN'S CHRISTMAS.

THE ASHMAN was old and bent. The wind that blew on his long, ragged whiskers could not blow through, because they were packed tight with fine gray coal-ash. The mark of his trade was all over him. Bits of falling slag and cinder had bruised and scratched his wrinkled old face, and the raw places on his gnarled and misshapen knuckles were covered with a gray grime. As he drove home he pulled the reins clumsily and uncertainly, for he had been at work since early morn, and many were the heavy cans and barrels of ashes that he had lifted into his high cart, and emptied in the teeth of the biting blast.

He was weary, indeed, was the old Ashman. By the time he had put up his horse and made the little stable snug for the night, he felt almost too weary to climb to his own little room in the loft and prepare his meagre supper of salt pork and potatos. However, he nerved himself for the task, and climbed up the ladder to his bleak den, reflecting, as he did so, that his old horse was better lodged than he.

So long had the old Ashman been accustomed to hard work and poor living that it rarely occurred to him to give much consideration to the hardships of his life; but, somehow, on this cold, bitter Christmas Eve, he could not help thinking of the difference that Fortune makes in the lives of men. He who could not dare to ask even the humblest of women to share his lot — he, the grimy, wretched old Ashman — sat on his one stool and thought of the beautiful, elegant, fashionably-dressed lady, in her magnificent furs, who had spoken to him pityingly in the morning and had asked him so many questions about himself. What a world they were apart, to be sure! He remembered her name, for she was the wife of a famous millionaire.

Rising with a sigh, to light his tiny fire, his eye fell upon a small package and a letter that were lying on his bed. Though he did not know it, they had been left there an hour before by a liveried servant.

The old Ashman could read, and, after he had held the letter a long time in his hand looking at it, he opened it, and slowly spelled out its contents. This was the letter:

"Dear Mr. Ashman: — I send you a little gift which I am sure you must long have needed, and I hope it will help to make a Merry Christmas for you.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. Sixnaughts."

With trembling hands, but with the sparkle of hope in his eyes, the old man tore off the wrappings, eager to behold his present. He drew near to the window, and examined it in the fast waning daylight. It was a manicure set.

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A TIME-CONSUMING OPERATION.

FIRST BURGLAR.— Say, Bill, we might jist as well go over ter der saloon; dat house 'll not be ready to do up fer a couple o' hours yet.

SECOND BURGLAR.— What makes yer t'ink dat? It 's near twelve o'clock.

FIRST BURGLAR.— Yer don't know nuttin'! Don't yer see dat de girl has jist commenced to bid her lover good night?

ROBBY'S PESSIMISM.

ROBBY.— As soon as it snows, Papa, I wish you would buy me a sled.

PAPA.— Why do you want me to wait until the snow comes?

ROBBY.— Because if you buy it before the snow comes, it will be just my luck not to have any snow.

SHE CEASED to sing and turned from the piano.

"I wonder," he raptly mused, "where those notes go to?"

She shivered.

"To protest," she said.

To her practiced ear had come the unerring signs of discontent in the adjoining flats.

NOT THE EFFECT HE ANTICIPATED.

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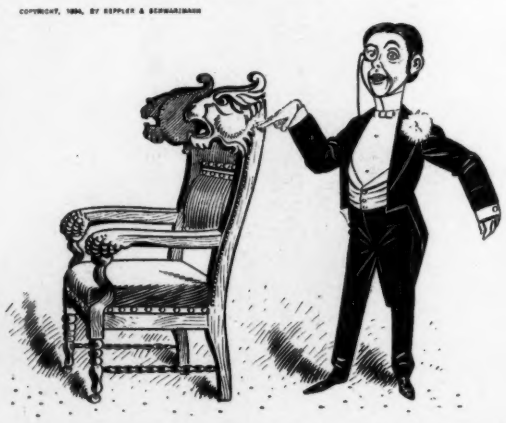


CHARLEY SPARKLER.— Ah! I 'll just ... down in this old chair and wait till Clara comes in. She 'll be surprised to see me, I 'm sure.

WANT THE EARTH.

PROF. LONGHAIR.— What do you consider equal rights?

MISS SHORTHAIR. — The possession of what we now have, together with all that man enjoys.

AN EXTRA ADVANTAGE.

The bloomer girls who ride the bike
Can now indulge in smoking, too,
Since they at last a match can strike
The same way that their brothers do.

A FAILURE DIRE.

WADE.— So Outertown has made a failure of his model suburban grocery store at Lonesomehurst? Why, it was right near the station where hundreds of people got on and off!

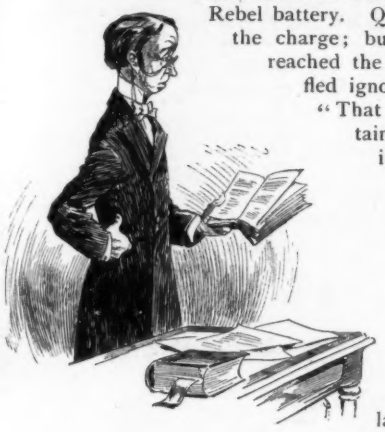
BUTCHER.— Yes; but in the morning they were too busy catching trains to buy, and at night they were loaded down with bundles.

THERE IS no subject on which it is easier to concentrate thought than a toothache.

(She was.)

ABOUT TO PROMISE TOO MUCH.

"It was during the War of the Rebellion," said the diffident and blushing assistant rector, addressing the Young People's Friday Night Prayer Meeting, "that a company of Union soldiers were ordered to take a Rebel battery. Quickly they sprang to the charge; but, alas! before they reached the guns they broke and fled ignominiously.



"That is, all except a certain corporal, who rushed in, and, seizing a gunner by the throat, carried him off, an astonished captive.

"And when the company reached the little clump of woods from whose shelter they had started, they gathered around the gallant corporal and asked him where he had got his prisoner and how he had managed to capture him.

"'I went in and took him,' said the hero, modestly. 'Ah, boys! why did n't you keep on? *There was a man for every one of you there!*'

"And so I say to you, my dear young Christian Soldiers," continued the rector, fervently; "there is a man for every one of you in this world.

"Yes, my dear young brothers; there is a man for every one of you here!

"Yes, my dear young sisters; there is — er — there is — er — there is *work* for you all in the vineyard of the Lord if you will only seek for it.

"Let us now sing the 425th Hymn:

"'Oh, save me from the careless word,
The swift, unbidden thought,
And make me always think and speak
Exactly as I ought.'"

And the young assistant sat down with an intensely-relieved expression, and mopped his burning brow.

Harry Romaine.

HER INCREDULITY.

"I would die for you!" insisted the rich old suitor.

"Oh! it 's very easy to promise," rejoined the maiden, skeptically.

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PRESENCE OF MIND.

"If a doubt should come between us,"
She faltered faintly out:
But the way he moved up nearer
He left no room for doubt.

ANXIOUS TO AVOID BLOODSHED.

HE.—There 'll be a great time to-morrow at the Rugby foot-ball match.

SHE.—Oh, dear! Don't you think, George, that they could be persuaded to settle it by arbitration?

RASH JUDGEMENT.

MINNIE.—The Professor is somewhat egotistical. He plays nothing but his own music.

MAY.—You do him injustice. He is too modest to attempt a first-class composition.

A STRONG MOTIVE.

MISS ROMANTIC.—I suppose that most of your stories have some substantial basis?

MR. SCRIBBLER.—Yes; the fact that I have to pay my rent monthly in advance.

THE CAUSE OF THE FEUD.

KING.—What is the trouble between you and Brown? He says you hardly notice him nowadays.

WING.—He insists that I predicted that China would beat Japan.

JUST A spray of mistletoe
Hanging in the hall;
Just a maiden underneath,
Aged thirty. That 's all.

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ACROSS THE COURT.

MRS. KEEGAN.—Fer hivin's sake, Mrs. Casey, phwut is thot turrible shmellin' shmoke?

MRS. CASEY.—It 's Mrs. Dooney below wid phwut she calls dishinfectants.

MRS. KEEGAN.—Well, will yez plaze tell her from me thot if she don't shtop it Oi 'll complain to the Boord of Hilth!

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Short Sixes,
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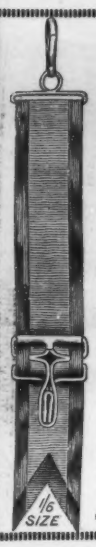

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A GEORGIA SCENE.

"Thar 's a man a-comin' here who kin raise spirits."

"Lemme know when he gits here; I want a gallon."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A PEN POINT.

MISS A.—I 'm afraid that if I use a pen much longer I 'll have an attack of—of—oh, what is that you call it?

MISS B.—I 'm sure I don't know.

MISS A. — Oh! I have it; appendicitis! That 's it.—*So. Boston News.*

POST MORTEM.

JACK. — Yes; poor John may have had his faults, but his heart was on the right side.

WAGGE.—Is it possible? No wonder he died!—*Yale Record.*

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QUITE A DIFFERENT MATTER.

MISS BLANK *(contemptuously).*—That's a nice looking watch; did you have to buy a suit of clothes to get that?

JOHN WARE *(reflectively).*—No; on the contrary, I had to sell one! — *Harvard Lampoon.*

"HAVE you decided how you are going to vote?"

MRS. THINKLET.—Oh, yes, dear; for the Republicans and Democrats only. I never could endure those horrid Populists. *Inter Ocean.*

THE woods of Kansas are blushing red at the lies uttered by the campaign orators. —*Atchison Globe.*

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See Announcement on 15th Page.

NOT THAT KIND.—I.

KIND OLD PARTY *(to poor-looking* STREET SINGER, *as he finishes his song).*—Here, poor fellow, is a quarter. Go and buy some food.

CHARMING HOLIDAY NOVELTY.

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WILLY NEAT.—She lets me blow bubbles.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

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NOT THAT KIND.—II.

STREET SINGER *(grabbing the quarter and hastening away).* — Thanks, lady, but excuse me; that was a drinking song I was singing.

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"Yes," sighed Miss Passeigh; "and so many of us are rejected manuscripts!"
—*Washington Star.*

THE OTHER PARTY.

LOBBEY. — We are confident of electing seven Congressmen in our State.

DALLBY.— Are you a Democrat or a Republican?

LOBBEY.— Neither. I represent the sugar trust. — *South Boston News.*

DYED whiskers are like hypocrisy. They never fool but one person.—*Ram's Horn.*

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A POSSIBILITY.

MOTHER *(angrily)*. — You ought to be thrashed! Why aren't you a good boy, like Tommy Toogood?

BAD BOY.—Dunno. Mebby his mother uses moral suasion.
Street & Smith's Good News.

"HERE, send these clothes back to the laundry! they belong to some one else."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; I counted them, and there are just as many pieces as I sent out."
—*Inter Ocean.*

CUSTOMER. — Do you know anything that is good for baldness?

BARBER.—Did you ever try a wig, sir? — *Yonkers Statesman.*

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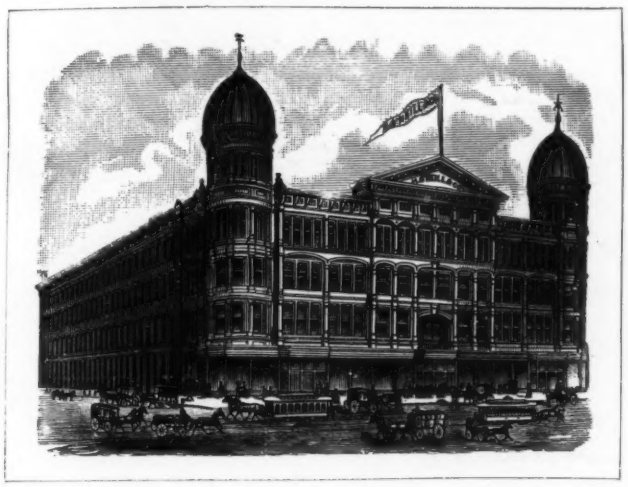

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SMALL BOY.—Oh, it's no use! Pop threw it away.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

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MARRY in haste and repent at work.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

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"What did he say to that?"

"He said he would be sure not to come before that time."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Illustrated Monthly.*

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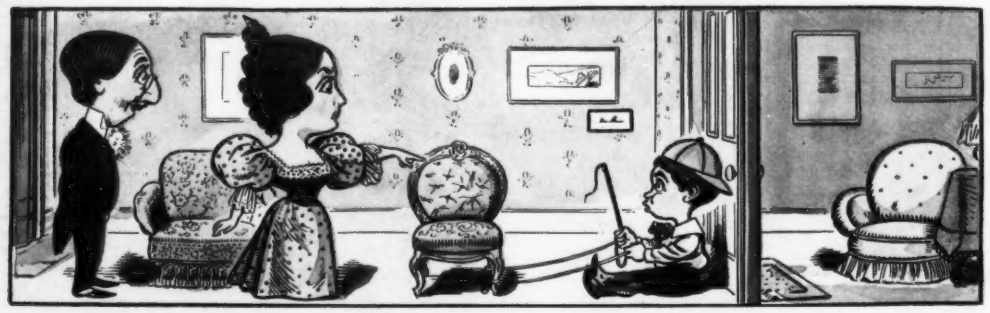

SISTER.—How dare you play horse in the parlor when you know Mr. Huggard and I wish to come in? Leave the room immediately!

BROTHER.—Say, Pop; you 'd better watch that pair in there,—that 's all!

"Oh! that 's your game, is it?

SISTER.—Now you see what you 've done, Father! Just look at that!

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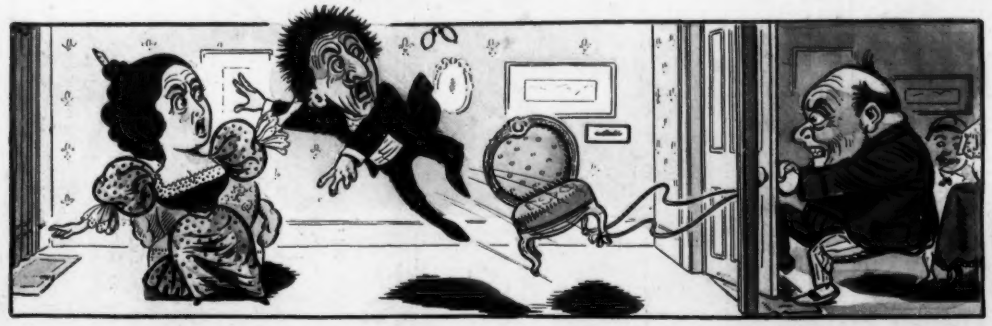
SISTER.—Take a seat, Mr. Huggard. You need have no fear of younger brothers around here.



FATHER *(opening the door suddenly)*.—Trying to hold the door, too, b'gosh!

"I 'll teach you a thing or two, I will! Now, you come in this house again!"

FATHER.—I 'll teach you to play tricks on the only fellow your sister has been able to capture in six months!

WILLY'S REVENGE; OR, HOW HIS SISTER LOST A LOVER.